

IN GRIP OF STEEL.

Dr. Talmage Draws a Lesson from the Tenacity of Eleazar.

He Urges a Closer Adherence to the Gospel and Announces That He Will Not Cease to Preach.

(Washington, April 2. Copyright, 1928.)

In the first notice concerning Dr. Talmage that Pastor Charles H. Spurgeon, of London, wrote the great English minister said he was glad to find a preacher that believed something. This discourse of Dr. Talmage is in that vein, and urges close adherence to the old Gospel; text, II. Samuel, 23:16, "And his hand clave unto the sword."

What a glorious thing to preach the Gospel! Some suppose that because I have resigned a fixed pastorate I will cease to preach! Not I! I expect to preach more than I ever have. If the Lord will, four times as much, though in manifold places. I would not dare to halt with such opportunity to declare the truth through the ear to audiences and to the eye through the printing press. And here we have a strange theme put before us by the prophet.

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole regiment with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host: "Fall back!" Eleazar, having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of his hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it.

I propose to show you how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword. In this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth, and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them.

The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words: "In the beginning God created the Heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle, God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put is in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then, when the sword is let loose, it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written near 19 centuries ago, and some 7 thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than 20,000 copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired, and divinely kept, and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renna will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the office or the factory or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible, but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel and with Eleazar's grip hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and Heaven.

Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the sword enemy of all that is bad. At the same time, it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on to it! Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them: "I guess it is; I don't know. Perhaps it is; perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't." Perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all. They despise what they call the apostolic creed, but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing and arose from nothing and ascended to nothing and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the only almighty church and in the communion of nothingness and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and the life after nothing."

of nothing and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory, I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ and in the holy Catholic church and in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth—the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go never so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." Oh, my hand, and sinews, let us go into the Christian conflict with the spirit of self abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation or abuse or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who, in order to achieve worldly success, will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table, for it was long before the merciful discovery of anesthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said, "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for 40 minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the gospel of Jesus Christ and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation?

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written, but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood, he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen went in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ! How many Christians there are that go around saying, "Oh, my hand; oh, my hand; my hurt hand! Don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation or were burned or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, 19 men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be buried over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thee bosom fold,
While the billows round me roll,
And while the tempest still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ! We want to ride to Heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early, so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hand hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines—that Eleazar's sword claved to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword the other end of the sword wounded him.

Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot be conquered by rosewater and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are 10,000 battalions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in Morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right name. You have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday, and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Gergashites and let those poor wretches go and apply our indignation to the modern transgressors which need to be dragged out and slain. Ah, here, Herod here, Jezabel here. The massacre of the infants here. Strike for God, so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want

a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian church to-day. The whole tendency is to refine on Christianity. We keep on refining on it until we send apologetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword, silver chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housings, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a m-l-v-e, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender. Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from the Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshiper if he will not please to say "amen" and "hallelujah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of eulogie and balm of the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticize our sermons or criticize our prayers or criticize our religious work that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb, but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word standing opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are, "a minister without charge." They were a heroic race. They had small salaries and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer meeting or occasional pulpit or a sickroom where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and Heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

I had in my parish in Philadelphia a very aged man in his early life had been the companion and adviser of the early presidents, Madison and Monroe. He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man. The most remarkable thing about him was his ardor for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meetings without propping, he would throw his arm around a pillar of the church, and, though his mind was partially gone, his love for Christ was so great that all were in deep respect and profound admiration, and were moved when he spoke. I was called to see him die. I entered the room, and he said: "Mr. Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. He said: "I must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for Heaven." And then in this pleasant delirium, both arms lifted, this octogenarian preached Christ and told of the glories of the world to come. There, lying on his dying pillow, his dying hand clave to his sword.

Oh, if there ever was anyone who had a right to retire from the conflict, it was old Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battles on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at that flag of old Gen. Joshua. On it, Jericho, Gibeon, Hazor, city of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, 110 years old. He is lying flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry, and a rallying cry for the Lord of Hosts as he says: "Behold, this day the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfill his promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Oates. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood road had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up, he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day, when he is 68 years of age and ill from the prison cell of the Mamertine, he has been outrageously tired, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that severs his tongue? Oh, no! His last words are the battle shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second floor that my father lay a-dying. It was Saturday morning, four o'clock. Just three years before that day my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been homesick to join her company. He was 83 years of age. Ministers of the Gospel came in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow: "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed beggared." They bathed his brow, and they bathed his hands, and they bathed his feet, and they succeeded in straightening out the feet, but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand so it would stay open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. What was the matter with the thumb and fingers of that old hand? Ah, it had so long touched the sword of Christian conflict that "his hand clave unto the sword."

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

THE ANNUAL BLOCKADE

It Has a Wonderfully Far-Reaching Effect on Commercial as Well as Social Life.

The season has come again when business in a large part of the United States, especially in small towns where the merchants depend largely upon the distribution of their wares among the agricultural population within a radius of ten or fifteen miles, is greatly interfered with by bad roads. The extent of this drawback to prosperity is seldom understood, even by those who suffer most by reason of it.

Of course the farmers of all sections have abundant opportunities, during the season when the roads are fairly comfortable and good, to get all their crops to market and buy all the merchandise which they can afford to purchase. Therefore, it sometimes seems as if the effect of bad roads were merely to change the distribution of trade, with little or no effect upon its total volume. That is partly true, but in a large degree it is not so.

Business put off beyond the natural time for transacting it is often never



NO BLOCKADES HERE.
(Bryan Avenue, an Ideal Road Near Princeton, Ill.)

done at all. People get along without merchandise which they would use if it could be obtained when it is wanted, without excessive trouble and discomfort. On the other hand, farm products which cannot be marketed for weeks at a stretch, on account of the bad roads, often lose much of their value. Even when there is no such injury done to the producers by enforced delays in getting to market, the waste of time, the extra wear and tear of farm wagons and the strain to which horses are subjected by drawing heavy loads over bad roads count so much reduction of the natural profits of agriculture. Thus the farmer's means of buying are doubly reduced, and the merchant suffers the loss of trade which he might otherwise have.

A similar unfortunate effect of the bad roads which are nearly universal in the greater part of the country is the constant uncertainty which is caused in all business dealings dependent upon the trade of farmers and rural districts. Merchants may be too busy one week and practically idle the next. Instead of having their work reasonably distributed, and farmers who would do their shopping at convenient times, often returning home after dark and making the best of the daylight hours of late winter and early spring in preparing for the work, are compelled to put off necessary business as long as possible, and then take some day for it which they do not like to spare for such use. Many country roads at this time of the year are really dangerous to drive through in the dark, with almost any sort of vehicle. They are not much better by daylight.

The effect of unfit highways upon the distribution of wealth and the massing of population in cities and large towns is another important phase of the roads question. The badness of the highways in the country tends powerfully to spoil rural life for social purposes and drive young people into the cities, who might otherwise lead happier and more wholesome lives where they were born. It cuts down the value of farm property and actually increases the congestion of the crowded centers of trade and industry. If the roads were better there would be a far more uniform and satisfactory distribution of wealth and population, and more Americans would enjoy the restfulness and health-giving suburban and country life which is already fast growing in favor in spite of bad roads.

It seems hardly necessary to enlarge upon the subject, because the case is so plain, but every spring and every autumn the old curse of unfit highways is forced upon the attention of the American people, and every year it is impossible to resist the conclusion that if the benefits of good roads were better understood they would not be so scarce as they are in every part of the country. In the vast field of highway improvement lies the most pressing need of local government effort.—Cleveland Leader.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Plant "shallow" in your orchard. Plant a few shrubs and fruit trees about your house.

Wood ashes are good for a lawn, especially on sandy soil.

If selecting a fruit orchard spot, be sure that it is located high.

Plan your gardens so that you can stir them with a cultivator.

Dig up around your trees and mix into the soil coal or wood ashes.

Heavy land should be well drained before an orchard is planted on it.

Scrape the bark lice from your fruit trees and give the trunks a coat of whitewash.

Mix brains with your soil; cultivate with judgment; harvest with care; and market with intelligence.

Do you grow your fruit, reader, or do you buy it? If you buy it, we will venture to say that you don't have much.

SPLENDID FIELDS OF GRAIN.

Following is copy of letter received from Dennis Twomey, who went to Winnipeg, Manitoba, from Austin, Minn., March, 1928:

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 23, 1928.

Benjamin Davies, Esq., Canadian government agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir: I have great pleasure in writing you these few lines to let you know how I like my new location, and how I have been getting along since I left Southern Minnesota. I like this country well, the climate agrees with me and my family at all seasons, and taken all around it is away ahead of Minnesota. I may say that we have not had one storm yet this winter. As regards the productiveness of the soil, I consider it beats Southern Minnesota. I am a practical farmer, but have never seen such vegetables in my life as I have seen raised here. As regards grain of all kinds, I have seen splendid yields, in fact any man who cannot get along here and make a good living cannot do it anywhere.

We have abundance of wood for fuel, timber for building, and lots of hay. I have got good water on my place, about 24 feet. I have a good class of neighbors around me, and have been well used by everybody. I have been able to get lots of work for myself and team at fair wages, whenever I wanted it, and I think any one else can do the same. I would not care to return to Minnesota.

I am, sir, yours very truly,

(Signed) DENNIS TWOMEY.

The Government has Agents in several of the States, any of whom will be pleased to give information as to free homestead lands to those desiring it.

KATY IN LITERATURE.

A Snatch of Story Wherein the "Choo-Choo" Indulge in a Few Puffs of Complaint.

He (the switch engine) gave a vigorous push to the west-bound car as he spoke, and started back with a snort of surprise, for the car was an old friend—an M. K. T. box-car.

"Jack my drivers, but its homeless Katy! Why, Katy, ain't there no getting you back to your friends? There's 40 chasers out for you from your road, if there's one. Who is holding you now?"

"With I knew," whimpered homeless Katy, "I belong in Parsons. I've only been out ten months, but I'm just achin' home-sick; I want to be in Kansas where the sunflowers bloom."

"Yard's full o' Homeless Katies an' Wanders' Wilkes," the switch engine explained to 007. "Dunno quite how our men fix it. Swap around, I guess; anyhow I've done my duty. She's on her way to Kansas via Chicago, but I'll lay my next boiler-ful'll be held there to wait consigner's convenience, and sent back to us with wheat in the fall."—From Rudyard Kipling's "007."

What "Alabastine" Is.

Alabastine is a durable and natural coating for walls and ceilings. It is entirely different from all "kalsomine" preparations. Alabastine comes in white or twelve beautiful tints, and is ready for use by adding cold water. It is put up in dry powder form in five-pound packages, with full directions on every package. Alabastine is handsome, clearly and permanently, can be re-coated and retinted at slight expense. Paint dealers and druggists sell Alabastine and furnish card of title.

A Funny Gift.

Among the presents lately showered upon a rural bride was one that was the gift of an old lady in the neighborhood, with whom both bride and groom were prime favorites.

Some years ago the old lady accumulated a supply of cardboard boxes, which she worked and had framed as occasion arose. In cheerful reds and blues, suspended by a cord of the same color, over the table on which the other presents were grouped, hung the motto "Fight on, Fight ever."—Detroit Free Press.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, the drum cannot vibrate properly, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Riotous Proceedings.

Superintendent—The necktie department will have to be moved further away from the counting room.

Manager—Why?

"The spring styles make so much noise that the clerks can't work."—Boston Post.

Her Gown.

The Bishop of Hope, my dear madam, that the season of Lent just past has been one of grief to you.

Mrs. Inchy-I have, indeed, bishop. I am almost entirely cured of dyspepsia. Brooklyn Life.

He Was the Man.

Caller—Excuse me, can I speak to your typewriter a moment?

City Man—You can't; she's engaged.

"That's all right—I'm the fellow!"—Illustrated Bits.

THE MARKETS.

New York, April 10.

FLOUR—Wheat No. 2.....	81 1/2 @ 82
CORN—No. 2.....	35 1/2 @ 36
OATS—No. 2.....	24 1/2 @ 25
RYE—No. 2.....	44 1/2 @ 45
BARLEY—No. 2.....	10 1/2 @ 11
WHEAT—No. 3.....	79 1/2 @ 80
CORN—No. 3.....	34 1/2 @ 35
OATS—No. 3.....	23 1/2 @ 24
RYE—No. 3.....	43 1/2 @ 44
BARLEY—No. 3.....	9 1/2 @ 10
WHEAT—No. 4.....	78 1/2 @ 79
CORN—No. 4.....	33 1/2 @ 34
OATS—No. 4.....	22 1/2 @ 23
RYE—No. 4.....	42 1/2 @ 43
BARLEY—No. 4.....	8 1/2 @ 9

CHICAGO, April 10.

FLOUR—Wheat No. 2.....	81 1/2 @ 82
CORN—No. 2.....	35 1/2 @ 36
OATS—No. 2.....	24 1/2 @ 25
RYE—No. 2.....	44 1/2 @ 45
BARLEY—No. 2.....	10 1/2 @ 11
WHEAT—No. 3.....	79 1/2 @ 80
CORN—No. 3.....	34 1/2 @ 35
OATS—No. 3.....	23 1/2 @ 24
RYE—No. 3.....	43 1/2 @ 44
BARLEY—No. 3.....	9 1/2 @ 10
WHEAT—No. 4.....	78 1/2 @ 79
CORN—No. 4.....	33 1/2 @ 34
OATS—No. 4.....	22 1/2 @ 23
RYE—No. 4.....	42 1/2 @ 43
BARLEY—No. 4.....	8 1/2 @ 9

ST. LOUIS, April 10.

FLOUR—Wheat No. 2.....	81 1/2 @ 82
CORN—No. 2.....	35 1/2 @ 36
OATS—No. 2.....	24 1/2 @ 25
RYE—No. 2.....	44 1/2 @ 45
BARLEY—No. 2.....	10 1/2 @ 11
WHEAT—No. 3.....	79 1/2 @ 80
CORN—No. 3.....	34 1/2 @ 35
OATS—No. 3.....	23 1/2 @ 24
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CORN—No. 4.....	33 1/2 @ 34
OATS—No. 4.....	22 1/2 @ 23
RYE—No. 4.....	42 1/2 @ 43
BARLEY—No. 4.....	8 1/2 @ 9

SPRINGFIELD, April 10.

FLOUR—Wheat No. 2.....	81 1/2 @ 82
CORN—No. 2.....	35 1/2 @ 36
OATS—No. 2.....	24 1/2 @ 25
RYE—No. 2.....	44 1/2 @ 45
BARLEY—No. 2.....	10 1/2 @ 11
WHEAT—No. 3.....	79 1/2 @ 80
CORN—No. 3.....	34 1/2 @ 35
OATS—No. 3.....	23 1/2 @ 24
RYE—No. 3.....	43 1/2 @ 44
BARLEY—No. 3.....	9 1/2 @ 10
WHEAT—No. 4.....	78 1/2 @ 79
CORN—No. 4.....	33 1/2 @ 34
OATS—No. 4.....	22 1/2 @ 23
RYE—No. 4.....	42 1/2 @ 43
BARLEY—No. 4.....	8 1/2 @ 9

INDIANAPOLIS, April 10.

FLOUR—Wheat No. 2.....	81 1/2 @ 82
CORN—No. 2.....	35 1/2 @ 36
OATS—No. 2.....	24 1/2 @ 25
RYE—No. 2.....	44 1/2 @ 45
BARLEY—No. 2.....	10 1/2 @ 11
WHEAT—No. 3.....	79 1/2 @ 80
CORN—No. 3.....	34 1/2 @ 35
OATS—No. 3.....	23 1/2 @ 24
RYE—No. 3.....	43 1/2 @ 44
BARLEY—No. 3.....	9 1/2 @ 10
WHEAT—No. 4.....	78 1/2 @ 79
CORN—No. 4.....	33 1/2 @ 34
OATS—No. 4.....	22 1/2 @ 23
RYE—No. 4.....	42 1/2 @ 43
BARLEY—No. 4.....	8 1/2 @ 9

CINCINNATI, April 10.

FLOUR—Wheat No. 2.....	81 1/2 @ 82
CORN—No. 2.....	35 1/2 @ 36
OATS—No. 2.....	24 1/2 @ 25
RYE—No. 2.....	44 1/2 @ 45
BARLEY—No. 2.....	10 1/2 @ 11
WHEAT—No. 3.....	79 1/2 @ 80
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WHEAT—No. 4.....	78 1/2 @ 79
CORN—No. 4.....	33 1/2 @ 34
OATS—No. 4.....	22 1/2 @ 23
RYE—No. 4.....	42 1/2 @ 43
BARLEY—No. 4.....	8 1/2 @ 9

MEMPHIS, April 10.

FLOUR—Wheat No. 2.....	81 1/2 @ 82
CORN—No. 2.....	35 1/2 @ 36
OATS—No. 2.....	24 1/2 @ 25
RYE—No. 2.....	44 1/2 @ 45
BARLEY—No. 2.....	